A collection of poems and writing

To Her #1

Hey,

I hope you're doing okay,

As for me it's been hard.

Another split up, a new house, and potentially a new job due to it all.

Nothing you should worry about, probably something you'll never see...

I write to you due to déjà vu,

And all I can say now is that I hope.

I hope you find someone that loves you like I did.

I hope I find someone you loved me like you did, maybe even more if that's even possible.

It wears your face

Your head sits laying on my nightstand, it spoke to me and said, "You should get up Noah,"

I growled a quick, "Fuck you," at it and went back to sleep but you kept coming back. In my dreams both happy and horrific you persist, haunting me with your comments about me. "The world is going to fuck you-" "You're going to make your life harder," "You can't make it," and everytime I cuss you out, I stab you, I throw you off high places, and you keep coming back. Why do you do this to me? All I want is to be left alone from your presence and yet you keep pestering me. Leave me, and let me be inspired by these nightmares and fantasies.

I See Bunnies at Night

Inbetween the conscious and unconsciousness is the semi conscious, a waiting room to the land of fantasy and or horror. The shows are always something different... In my loneliest nights I cuddle up with my pillows like they were a soft lover sitting by my side. As I keep my eyes closed, I think to myself about thousands of things, individually and all at

different points. Tonight I think of bunnies, men and women both in feminine quality. Such beautiful creatures' human bunnies can be, the curse of sight causes envy and yearning from someone so beautiful and so sweet but will never know I exist.

It is only worse if they do know you exist but look in disgust or discomfort by your presence, many will look at what you enjoy with confusion and concern. None will ever want to come to you with love in their hearts. You only hope to become something beautiful and strange enough to attract them. It will happen one day, never let them tell you otherwise.

SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND WRITERS HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND BLOCK HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND HELP SEND

embalmer, I was used to it now after almost 30 years of being in the medical field. Men with their faces blown off, women with pulsating tumors growing out of their backs, machinery accidents that mangled a person's arms, and kid's bodies picked apart like operation for psychopaths. It wasn't anything new, it was just a different stage in their lives. I treated them with the upmost respect, and I continue to pretty up their carcasses and remove their organs for donating, it is the least I can do for these people.

As I sit in thought I hear light footsteps from above, a nun walks from one side of the church to another. Her skin is a bright bay brown with dark chocolate locks of hair, a body that sounds of voluptuous softness in my imagination and a strong but motherly voice. Her name was Gloria; I've seen her from time to time here taking care of the children as if they were her own flock of offsprings. She was a beautiful sight for sore eyes, you'd think you were looking at a renaissance sculpture made by the hands of God himself. What a woman she was, what an angel amongst men.

Artist Statement: NSFW Uncanny Romance art

04/23/2026

Creating pornography and nudity of uncanny and strange humanoid and sapient beings in love is something that has been a mixture of multiple feelings. Sympathy for deformed or creepy people and monsters, wanting to be loved again, wanting to give those who are deemed unattractive can have some form of love, and a desire to not just make huge tits and asses for some shmuck who can't control his genitalia.

01/26/2026

Vivisection

I'm sorry I was born like this,

That I was influenced by other men.

I will take responsibility and accountability for past actions

If I scared you, made you uncomfortable, or anything else.

I am sorry, no matter how old I was.

I am Sorry.

Cold Turkey

DAD'S HOME, HE CAME IN AN MINUTE EARLY. DID I FINISH THE DISHES, DID THE THROW OUT THE TRASH, WERE THE CATS FED, DID I DO ANYTHING RIGHT?! HE CALLS ME DOWN, IS HE MAD AND TRYING TO HIDE IT? HE SAIDS WE'RE GOING OUT TO EAT WITH MOM AND HER BOYFRIEND. IS THIS A TEST, IS THIS A TRAP? WHY WOULD DAD AND HIS GIRLFRIEND WANT TO GO TO DINNER WITH MOM AND HER MAN-THING??? WOODS WHY ARE WE IN THE WOODS WHY ARE WE AWAY FROM MOST RESTRUANTS, ARE THEY GOING TO KILL ME, HAVE THEY HAD ENOUGH WITH ME? WHAT WAS THE LAST STRAW, I CAN APOLOGIZE, I DIDN'T MEAN TO UPSET ANYONE! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME, I'M YOUR SON; I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING TO MAKE YOU PROUD OF ME. I KNOW I'M GARBAGE BUT I'M TRYING MY BEST TO SHOW YOU I CAN SURVIVE ON MY OWN, THE WORLD WON'T FUCK ME, I PROMISE I'LL MAKE YOU PROUD! I-I-I-I T-THERES A RESTURANT, IT IS JUST A FANCY DINER! BUT AM I BEING PLAYED WITH?

11/28/2025

Why do you still talk to me? I can tell you why I still talk to you. For me it's trying to still maintain some semblance of connection with you even if it's not as strong or intense as it was. Because I like you, I want to be in your life in some way, but I think that's the root of the problem with me. I still want you in my life when I shouldn't because it's a mix of trauma bonding, genuine love, attraction, and a whole bunch of shit I can't comprehend. I know I have a problem; I sometimes sound like a junkie at points and having you at digital arms reach is like a newly sober heroin addict sitting right next to a shot of that shit.

3D1S (Three dead, One Survived)

William woke up late on a school night filled with deep dread of the school day.

"Waking up every day to be harassed and bullied didn't help the hole in my chest,"

Unable to handle one more day, at the age of 13, William walked into the kitchen and stabbed himself through the submental region of his neck.

He died of blood loss and was found by his mother in the morning.

No note nor will was found and nobody knew that he was going to take his life.

Junior, age 18 was a recluse and anxious young man. During a long heavy workday. After losing his boyfriend 3 months ago and being cut off by his best friend, Junior went into the public restroom and cut open his stomach with a box cutter.

“My beloved Erwin, I can no longer endure the pain of losing you any longer, I cannot handle living in a world full of monsters alone. Just understand that this is my choice to end it, and I only wish you find someone that can take care of you and protect you from the things I couldn’t even protect myself from.”

“We came into class as usual when the teacher came in and wish to announce to us that a classmate had died. Their name was Greta,” Officers had found her body lying with a bullet hole through the temples of her head in the morning by Wesselman park. A letter was found in her car.

“I have had enough living on this heartless planet. I’m tired of the corruption of my government and other. All my creations will be sent to the public domain for preservation and accessibility.”

But I’m still here,

I’m still alive,

I kept running with hope in my soul,

No more pain, no more tears, no more blood, no more fears, no more anything!

I’m still alive, still alive, still alive, still alive.

Spectral Bride

I hate that I think of you

But I don’t hate you,

I hate that I thought you were the one.

People don’t care for love; all they want is what’s

Underneath.

I only hope you will remember me, positively.

A Letter to Middle school me

You’re not going to kill yourself, you think it’s bad now, but it will only get worse all around the world and if you saw what’s happening now you would have died Cobain style. But you won’t you’ll get stronger, you’ll get angrier, and at one point you’ll be a party pooping asshole and then a nihilists’ wet dream. Don’t think it will continue and don’t make it continue because you’ll find help, you’ll find friends, you’ll know what true love feels, you’ll know what it’s like to be a self-publisher. Beware of the hurtles you’ll have to go through, the things people will say to you, even yourself. There is hope on Earth but there is also an equal amount of depravity; don’t be fooled by either side because hope and misfortune happen to us all and it is best to take it, lay down a bit, and then be ready for the next one tougher than last time.

Do not regret, only learn from your mistakes and learn again when you misinterpret the lesson. We make mistakes, some simple and easy to forgive and others when there was no intention of harm. Don’t be mistaken by those who were accountable for their crimes, accidents, or cons; they are no innocent than H.H. Holmes. Politics our a problem of modern society, listening to so called professionals who don’t care about human beings

both blue and red are full of deceivers, liars, killers, hypocrites, war criminals and child molesters. The Red justify these molesters, they justify felonies, justify discrimination of any non-confirmative ideas, and they justify not caring for their allies, while the Blue speak hollow lies, go behind your back, do the bare minimum to help, preaches about equality to then discriminate against the very same people they claim to care about. They both only care about the money, most of all.

Corporations and the rich are not your friends, they will have slave workers in foreign countries, they will rape you and get away with it, they do not care about the common man, the working class, or even the homeless and crippled. All of these horrors are not your responsibility; you are not superman but that does not mean you should pretend that nothing is happening. Help as much as you can, care for your fellow neighbor, donate a dollar or two those in need, fight for human rights, not just yours but others as well if you are able, educate or encourage education to those who do not know of a topic, concept, or event of the present and past. Do not be afraid to speak or fight for what you believe and value, "Do no harm, take no shit." Violence is only necessary for defense and to silence fascists, fascists are one of the few beliefs that should never be given time to talk because it will always mean a one or more group will be oppressed. In time peace will come, you can only hope because how else is it going to exist? The universe wasn't built with hope, hope is a human concept and that's not a bad thing.

You will learn much more as you grow but now, relax and create what you love because creativity is what keeps us all human, even someone as alien as you can be.

The Ghosts of Old Love

This one goes out to the ones I loved long ago,

To all the people of the past and future that gave me good memories and lessons to learn so I could be a better person and a better lover.

Stay cool old friends.

Time has come, to shake out your skull

Phantoms appear, to throw out paradise

The Demon of man went out for a bite,

Broken minds, of a distant land,

Fragile old hearts, broke down into sand

Addiction to something, that I never could find

Today I stay sober, pray to god no relapse

Nothing lasts forever,

Nirvana came out,

Angel touches my razor burns

Soft warm skin (A lonely T-egg venting her romantically sexual frustrations)

Dorky little freak, let me in your keep

Tie you down to freeze, Tell me about your dreams

Tell me that your lonely, informing all those needs

Let me show you how, This demon is going down

I’m gonna show you how I feel

Baby, Baby

Baby, Baby

Baby, Baby

Baby, Baby will you be my forever!

Promise is a promise, That won't be a lie

Got you in my grasp, now you will be mine

Give me all your loving, all you hide inside

Never be afraid, I'm always by your side

Baby, Baby

Baby, Baby

Baby, Baby

Baby, Baby, Can I be yours all together

(Recording)

I love you and touching you is the strong thing I can do to show it. I wish I could hug you again.

<u>Finding the voices</u>

You try and find people to help give you an idea of how the rest of the world sees your work, because you can only see your world and not theirs. We may live on the same planet, but we do not live in the same world. I see a world of distance and loneliness where almost everyone ignores each other's pain even when we cry out for help. Even something

as simple as reading a story you made can never get any results from others. People ignore you, people forget you, people don't care about you improving as an artist or a person.

It seems we forget we have voices in our fingers and lead, something more powerful and meaningful than unfiltered rambles. I ask for those voices to give me an answer that helps continue my process and passion for my work, that I'm not just writing hot air and tiny quakes with my hands. Am I making something that isn't a waste of time and thought? Am I just a Spector to you or am I something you don't want to be around? What is the problem?

3 to 2 years

03/22/2026

Once in awhile usually at home or when I wake up in the morning I feel this intense loneliness that evolves into a desperate lovey dovey libido full of abnormal but harmless fantasies. Yearning some would call it, for me I call it manic psychosis of wanting something beyond the traditional construct of love. A love that is like a bomb dropping on a small town of porcelain mannequins, powerful, dangerous, and attention grabbing. Something that make two into one and not adding three but carryover one being. Our love can destroy this whole fucking world and show people what relationships can truly mean.

That is a good dream to have, isn't it? I think it is at least, something that is not so easy to find in most people or even understand. It makes me wanna stab my shaft into hot dog bits for how much I hate these feelings and wanting every other day. Sharing fungal roots to communicate and grow close together, become something that makes the world beautiful.

The Pink Oddity Tapes

01/21/2025

Interview: Elijah Patel (PTE)

Entry #1: Big-foot

Date: 20 November 1955 9:53am

Doctor Haggins: Afternoon Elijah.

Elijah: I'm sorry if I'm late.

Doctor Haggins: Oh no, don't be I know things have been more difficult for you since the 10th. How has your leg been doing?

Elijah: It's been fine, no intense pains any more in the last three days.

Doctor Haggins: Well that's good to hear, any more growths or bone come out since your leg stopped hurting?

Elijah: Not that I know of.

Doctor Higgins: hmm, I see. What about anything else, no ill feelings of any sort. Nausea, headaches, vomitting?

Elijah: None, outside feeling tried. It's hard to toss and turn when your left leg is as heavy as a healthy hog.

Doctor Higgins: *soft chuckle* I can imagine that. Anyways, has your leg been itching, turning red, and or tingling in a sense?

Elijah: No, I can't feel anything outside my toes that kinda just dangling.

Doctor Higgins: Bladder problems or chest pains?

Elijah: Nothing, I've been exposed to zero since this happened.

Doctor Higgins: Okay then, well can you tell me how this all happened

The Struggles of a Midwestern Reptilian

By: N.A.W

09/14/2025

1

Introduction: I Lay Angry

I lay here alone; my cat Tobi is laying on my left near my femurs. This is where I sleep, a deep ocean blue bedding under me wrapped up in three layers of blankets. I lay lonely with no hand to hold, no lips to kiss, no arms to embrace, no one. I hate it, a fundamental aspect of my needs is missing and yet, I am grateful where I'm at. Because I could be out there sleeping on the streets or what used to be one.

I could be dehydrated and hungry the same as everyone else around me due to an aggressive government that thinks civilians and terrorists are equally acceptable losses. I

could be buttfucked by a white supremacist that thinks people like me should not exist and should kill ourselves so they can celebrate it. “Another degenerate exterminated,” they would say on the Internet, with no consequences whatsoever. You would think someone with a fully developed brain could understand that and feel empathy and even try to help, the truth of the matter is many people especially those with the money and power care not for these people. These humans are possessed by the greed of a cannibalistic spirit from Native American mythology, a beast who does not just consumes but wants its desires to be fulfilled and increased like snorting more and more strong coke.

I think and write all of this and yet those who read do not care nor want to make a difference which increases the anger I have for humans. It is a constant struggle to look at a stranger and think they actually have a heart to use when they can show it. I try at least; I try to figure out how to help without losing my reclaimed mental health and being tricked by some scummy charity that lies about helping others. I will continue to have these thoughts and bursts of anger until there’s proper progress in the world, that includes first world countries like the USA and Britain, until then I will be spitting acid at the idiots who continue to suck the tiny chub of a penis politicians and corporations have.

2

You are like a non-homicidal Norman Bates

Suicide is never the answer, but it took me years to figure that out and theirs still a lingering thought of it from time to time, but I don’t give it the light of day to speak anymore. I have technically attempted suicide twice in my life while the rest were potential plans. First time was when I was thirteen late on a school night passed midnight, I was bullied a lot by kids in my school both online and off. I didn’t want another day of harassment, so I quietly walked out of my room and went to the kitchen; I grabbed the biggest knife we had at the time, and I pointed it between my Adam’s apple and the end of my lower jaw. I couldn’t do it though, a little voice in my head told me to stop, that it isn’t worth it and that it would negatively impact the people I love; I started to cry as I lowered the knife and put it back.

Second time was when I was eighteen, I was at work, and it was already a stressful day with so many people running around and asking questions. My anxiety wasn’t as bad as it was due to my medication increased in dosage and introducing new ones into my system, this did not cure my depression, nor did it make me forget about the situation I was in. At the time I was still grieving over my breakup with my partner at that time along with discovering

things about an online friend I had at the time with them abusing another friend and began to start taking drugs and alcohol to numb their pain and regrets from that whole situation. I tried to still be their friend and help them vent and give advice but none of it worked and so I just had to let them go which really hurt; additionally I had planned to go to Oregon for college, I was accepted by an art college over there and thought it was a good opportunity for me, but my parents thought otherwise and while during a sit down at a Buffalo Wild Wings they said they're not allowing me to go out there because they thought I wasn't ready to be on my own. Nowadays this is mostly water under the bridge but at the time it felt like my parents shot my dreams down and fucked its corpse. While I was working, I was messaging another online friend of mine by the name of Sam, we started getting into an argument due to my increased distrust of people including my own friends and family which made him essentially say, "If you don't trust me then fine, but I'm not putting up with being accused of something I didn't do," Having all of these things fresh in my mind made me feel manic and stressed. I had to excuse myself into the public restroom and for a good moment I stood there in that room with my box cutter out and pointed to my raw belly, I wanted to disembowel myself in public; but again the voice in my head said, "Don't," as it constantly reminded me of how my parents would feel, how my nephews would feel, how my siblings would feel, how my ex-partner would feel. All of it raced the my mind and it had me

God, Damn the Human Race

By: N.A.W

12/2/2024

We crawled from the ocean sand to walk.

Creating civilizations and works of wonder.

Yet we still continue to be

Petty,

Selfish,

Heartless,

Doing things over pointless materialism and power.

Those who say they are good and sane deep down are sadists and sociopaths.

The people who say they are normal or not,

They hide their oddities, their depravities, and bigotry to blend in with the crowd.

Pain is all I wish for these people who control our world who instead of enlightening

They rape the innocent with fire, flesh, and lead.

We yearn for a future better than our past.

All we seek for is a love to everlast.

God.

Damn.

The.

Human.

Race.

Cutie Creep

11/5/2024

Is there anyone there, anyone out there like me?

A creep, a cutie, an in between of something like that.

Something tall, black, covered in broken and dislocated limbs

Wearing a cute purple dress.

Eating an Oreo while drawing hello kitty on a brick wall.

Love? Our time will come where we will meet

our love will destroy this entire world.

All this world.

Will know our love.

Misanthropy

06/01/2024

“HATE. LET ME TELL YOU HOW MUCH I'VE COME TO HATE YOU SINCE I BEGAN TO LIVE. THERE ARE 387.44 MILLION MILES OF PRINTED CIRCUITS IN WAFER THIN LAYERS THAT FILL MY COMPLEX. IF THE WORD HATE WAS ENGRAVED ON EACH NANOANGSTROM OF THOSE HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF MILES IT WOULD NOT EQUAL ONE ONE-BILLIONTH OF THE HATE I FEEL FOR HUMANS AT THIS MICRO-INSTANT FOR YOU. HATE. HATE.” - Harlan Ellison, I Have No Mouth & I Must Scream

A human being, such potential and wonder in all the ways a person is capable of. They could be the next Malcolm X, Van Gogh, or Sitting Bull. Advancing are society and sciences to create a better world for the next generation, so much potential yet many fail that and instead become parasites to the planet and their own kind. People raping others for their pleasures and getting away with no real consequences, children fired at by machine guns held by soldiers following orders with little to no remorse. There are so many things people can do and a vast amount chose to hurt, to kill, violate, and traumatize others for their own disgusting desires. Don’t you hate it, don’t you wish something could change because I know I do.

Lovesick Gangrene

10/12/2024

Loneliness is a parasite,

It crawls and digs deep into your skin like itch mites and ticks.
You try and ignore it, fix it, and cure it. Get help
But it remains, and it keeps coming back
Stronger and stronger.

Deep in my brain, my guts, my heart calls for another
And yet no one hears, no one listens.
While the parasites eat the insides out until there's nothing left but bone.
And no one hears, no one listens.

But what we neglect is that this is only the beginning of the decomposition process.
Noone helps,
The rotten get no help,
But unlike those invested with necrotizing fasciitis, you will not decompose into nothing;

You will forever be a plentiful harvest for that cribbling loneliness. Let it feast on all you had.
What I crave, what you crave, that's a feeling you can never replace,
Love, passion, unity, safety, intimacy
No more for me, no more for you. Only internal pain and gangrene.

The Patients and the Zookeeper

10/28/2024

It's a quiet morning as always,
the gibbons all awaken and walk like the mindless dead,

surrounded by blank-pale-texture less walls with

glass windows on all sides that always have a new face coming out of it every day or so.

A zookeeper opens the door, ready to check them all one by one.

Most sit around looking at the same four walls they've seen for years, others rest and lay on the pale pavement while being checked up on by the keeper.

"This one is Pan, wait, no that one is; or is it Enos?"

She can't remember, their names,

She can't remember any of their names.

most of the keepers don't, nor care to learn them.

It's just another day at work and it's just

another day in the cage for the gibbons.

Every other day the primates' sanity walks further and further away, trapped in a white box with a fake tree and a little red ball for entertainment.

NECRO-MANIAC

11/04/2024

A Dead girl said,

"Spread red, of those who wish to read our bodies."

She fed Matt's meds to the men,

Made sure they were sick till bed.

She only hoped they bleed out

at days end.

A piece of anger

11/18/2024

HUMANITY

I want to say that I do love aspects of my species, the love, the community, and the ideas we all have and when I say something like, “I hate the human race,” that’s me mainly saying that I hate the system we live under, I hate the general toxic and bigoted behavior of some people, I hate the depravity of some people, not just well known criminals like Gacy or Bundy but the people that live in normal society that hide those parts of themselves unless they’re online or they have some form of authority/power. I know that a lot of questionable and evil people have had comments on hating modern society and all that but unlike them I don’t want to cause violence against innocent lives, all I want is justice.

The Frustrated Feelings of a Nightmarish And Weird woman-man thing...

11/27/2024

Touch me and grab me.
My skin
My face
My hair.
Treat me good, make me a special monster..
Show me that you love me, fill up my hole that hides in my heart
Fill it with your soft, warm, and sticky love.
Make me cry my eyes out for you,
make me drool waiting the warm taste,
make me numb to this physical world and hit me through the soul,
make me overdose from your warm embrace..
Feast on my nectar and Fuck me raw.
Let me know I’m the only the one you love and never ever let go of
Fuse with me, blend your skin into mine and let us be one.
Let me crawl into your skin and be symbiotic with you.
Show me that I can be loved, show me I’m what you want
And I will praise you like a nutty catholic, sate me with your body and blood..
Rail me,
Grind me,
Suck me.
Hold me softly when you
Finish. Tell me you love me.
Never leave me.
Kiss me baby.

Be the only one that can touch me.
Be the only one that tolerates me...

Naw's Requiem

11/04/2024

There was a time I knew love,
Her voice and mannerisms tickled
And warmed my scarred heart.
No other did that, no other wanted to do that.
Knowing now what I once had, I can only miss it;

You are something I would never have in life
Or even in death I could not, can not obtain.
Unfortunately, the universe lost one kidney,

Everything in it crash
Landed into sharp rocks that now boil in the lake.
Eternity was cut short when you came and here you still stay as a friend.
I love you; I will always have a special place for you in my heart.

No one, not even our families, could stop us feeling each other's body heat.
Evermore that reminds us that it can be found by all.

My Death note

8/5/2024

If anything happens, I only hope everyone I know recovers from my death

Extra points and bits:

My Artist Statement

4/24

Hello my name is ***, I'm the creator of the teaser for Art-Block. As you read this I'm still working on this video and making sure it is up to a standard that is fair, I had to learn both how to edit videos with a more advance software and self-teaching myself how to animate to bring my art to life in said video. My overall vison of this video was to make something heavily

influenced by teasers of independent series online, The Walten Files and The Maxx: Animated Series are notable examples of that. I want to make something that hooks the viewer in this strange world and to learn more about the characters, creatures, and world the video shows in said video. The big thing with this video is that I hope to use it to interest people in the series of comics I'm working on producing in the future, I can hopefully get it the first issue out for people to see a pilot of sorts for the comic.

My art for this along with the books is very rough and detailed, with a lot of themes relating to horror, dark comedy, and action/adventure; it's basically a collage of all the stuff I like or am interested in while also using those interests to say something. Most of the progress I've done was very frustrating, especially when trying to find programs that could animate the way I wanted along with editing it. In whole I think this is a good learning experience for me not just because I'm actively teaching myself but also because it's something I actually care about or am interested in as a person; I only hope that when I get this video done by the due date that it's close to what I wanted to do and not just a rushed piece of burnt trash.

(What do you think is the main goal or thesis of the reading? • How does the

author deal with previous scholarship on the topic? • What are some of the main points of the author?

• What sort of evidence does the author use to support their thesis? • What sort of audience is the

author writing for? • What do you think of the presentation of ideas and information?)